A fool when love's at stake

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A fool when love's at stake

by heste

Summary

Mihawk meets Shanks. Twenty years later he meets Buggy.

Mihawk wants to fight forever. He could end it. Seperate Shanks' head from his shoulders then and there. Easy. Clean. He doesn't. The moment passes. It would be a waste. Then he'd never get to fight Shanks again.

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Buggy confronts him. Mihawk hadn't thought he had it in him. He pushes Mihawk against the wall, gets all up in his face, waves a knife around. Fun.

Shanks

Chapter Notes

im obsessed with mihawk now i guess :3 no buggy in this one :/ just shanks (boooo :P)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mihawk has never fought anyone who then wanted to fuck him.

Mihawk sails his boat into the storm. The warship follows him through it. So be it. There's an island up ahead, miraculously sunny. Mihawk will have room to move in the upcoming fight.

He lands on the beach. There's another pirate ship anchored there, bigger than his boat but not by much. Its young crew pays the warship on the horizon no mind. One man waves at Mihawk then goes back to unloading beer barrels and crates of fruit. Further down the beach, others dig a fire pit.

A cannonball shoots at Mihawk. He slices it clean in two. Right. The marines. It's a boring fight. The most fun comes when he finally cleaves the ship and watch the lifeboats sail off, sailors piled high.

One of the men from the other ship walks up. Red hair, green sword. His black t-shirt is stained with the salt of his sweat and the ocean. He's wearing sandals. He claps Mihawk on the shoulder. Mihawk brushes the hand away.

"Thanks! You really saved us there," the redhead says. He laughs and holds out his hand. "I'm Shanks."

"I didn't save you," Mihawk says.

"Well nonetheless you really helped us out, they would have ruined our party," Shanks continues. He pushes his hand closer into Mihawk's space. Mihawk isn't shaking it.

"I didn't do it for you," Mihawk repeats.

"Yes but regardless won't you come have a drink with us?" Shanks asks.

Mihawk draws his sword. Shanks raises an eyebrow.

"Leave," Mihawk says.

"No way, we were here first, and we've already set up!" Shanks says.

Mihawk tires of talking. He slashes at Shanks who parries easily, meeting steel with steel. He isn't an amateur even if he looks like one, relaxed goofy smile on his face.

The fight is exhilerating. Shanks is playful and ferocious all at once. Mihawk hasn't fought like this in a long time. Good opponents are hard to find. Especially swordfighters. Not that it isn't fun fighting against strange devil fruit users but nothing thrills him like swords clashing. He's a swordsman. That's what he trains for.

Mihawk wants to fight forever. He could end it. Seperate Shanks' head from his shoulders then and there. Easy. Clean. He doesn't. The moment passes. It would be a waste. Then he'd never get to fight Shanks again.

Shanks' belly rumbles audibly. Mihawk freezes. Shanks laughs.

"I yield," Shanks says, easy smile, letting his sword drop.

Mihawk stares at him. He's still holding Yoru high between them. Shanks takes a step forward, bares his neck for the blade. Its sharp edge is only a hair's breadth from drawing blood.

"I yield," Shanks repeats.

Mihawk looks at him for another beat then nods. He withdraws his blade. Would Shanks have stood there smiling easy as Mihawk pressed the blade into his throat? He sheathes Yoru.

Shanks clasps his arm around Mihawk's shoulder and leads him to the roaring bonfire. Mihawk lets him.

"Come eat! We've got a whole hog roasting," Shanks brags.

Mihawk stares into the fire. The red-hair pirates party around him. They make sure Mihawk's glass is never empty. He has never tried something like this before.

Night falls, and Shanks takes his hand and grabs a blanket and drags him towards the bushes. This Mihakw has tried before, but he feels a new warmth blooming. The few others who are still awake whistle and jeer. Shanks curses at them. Mihawk remains silent. It doesn't bother him. It's almost fun to hear them tease and laugh at their captain.

Shanks doesn't fuck like a young man. Mihawk had hardly expected him to be a virgin with that face, but he doesn't have the cocky force of an experienced young man either. Shanks is sloppy and relaxed, unbothered by the inevitable messiness. He shows Mihawk how to laugh during sex. He doesn't fuck like he fights. No desire to win or dominate. No competition. Just two bodies connecting in the best ways.

Mihawk comes back for more. More fights, more sex. The fighting always leads to fucking, and Mihawk loves both. He stops bothering to seek out other partners. Then he realizes he's in love with Shanks. Then Shanks says he's going to East Blue with a soft smile on his face.

"What's in East Blue?" Mihawk asks.

They lie in bed together. He traces a scar on Shanks' stomach. Someone got him with a knife once long ago. It's stitched up neatly.

"An old friend," Shanks says.

His eyes are distant, dreaming. It doesn't sound like he's talking about an old friend. Mihawk feels cold

"What's his name?" Mihawk asks. Somehow he keeps his voice is neutral like always.

"Buggy. We were deckhands together on the Oro Jackson. But don't tell anyone that, you have to promise to keep it a secret," Shanks says. "Do you want to see a picture? I have his wanted poster."

Shanks is grinning as he riffles through the discarded clothing on the floor. He finds a folded piece of paper in his shirt's inner pocket. Mihawk has seen him grin many times. Has seen him smiling fondly or doubled over in laughter. He's never seen Shanks looking quite like this.

Mihawk only looks at the poster for a second. Buggy the Clown's cruel smile burns its way into his memory regardless. Mihawk stares into space, distantly listening to Shanks talk and talk. A lot of dots are connecting. Vague stories from Shanks' childhood, stories of old friends, joy, sorrow, adventure, first love. It's all Buggy Buggy Buggy. Shanks has not named him before now.

Mihawk avoids Shanks for two years. When next they meet, Shanks is missing an arm and a strawhat. He smiles like always, like he barely felt Mihawk's absence.

Shanks wants a fight. Mihawk refuses. If they fight, then they will fuck too, and Mihawk is never doing that again. But he can't refuse the cup Shanks holds out. The liqour burns. Mihawk is already warm just from being here with Shanks. He won't stay long. Shanks can tell him about the kid he met, how he bet it all on his future, but then Mihawk is gone. Before night falls.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed next chapter is mihawk/buggy i love messy relationships

Buggy

Chapter Notes

the buggy chapter. hot sex miserable ending dont say i didnt warn you :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mihawk has never fucked anyone who then wanted to fight him.

Warlord meetings are boring. That's why Mihawk does not attend. But when fleet admiral Sakazuki personally calls, it's difficult to refuse, even if he isn't half the leader Sengoku was. At least the new warlord is interesting. Buggy the Star Clown. Mihawk knows the name well, but this is the first time they meet. Marineford hardly counts.

Buggy has a very expressive face. He yawns, jokes around, coos at the giant lion he brought along, tickling under its chin. He's openly derisive of being here, feet on the table, but when Sakazuki finally arrives, he flips on a dime, flushing and apologizing wearing the slickest smile. It's amusing. Mihawk would have studied him regardless, but Buggy is actually worth looking at.

Best of all, whenever Buggy meets Mihawk's heavy gaze, his eyes pop out of his head. He jitters in fear, but his cheeks grow red with anger. All in all the most entertaining meeting in years.

Afterwards, Buggy confronts him. Mihawk hadn't thought he had it in him. He pushes Mihawk against the wall, gets all up in his face, waves a knife around. That's fun too.

"What the fuck is your problem? Trying to do what you couldn't in Marineford? You better give up now, you missed your chance. You can't kill me. After all I'm a highly valued warlord, they wouldn't let you!" Buggy says.

There's fire in his eyes. Mihawk holds his gaze, sees it die out.

"Are you sure about that?" Mihawk asks.

He catches Buggy's hand and forces it up. It shakes, Buggy tries to drop the knife, but Mihawk's grip is too strong. He pushes the knife into Buggy's throat. The skin parts for him. No blood. No pain. Buggy swallows, whitefaced.

"No need to talk about unpleasant things like that," Buggy says, giving a weak chuckle. "It's aaaalll good! I have a few bottles of this great vintage, let's open it together, share a drink as friends."

Mihawk doesn't respond. Something about this feels familiar. He frowns.

"Never mind you can just have it, consider it a gift, no need to share. Bring it home with you," Buggy says. "Or I can deliever! Buggy's Delivery, top class service."

"Let's drink together," Mihawk says.

Buggy brings him to his ship. He becomes a different person once aboard, a confident captain for his crew. The illusion disappears once they enter Buggy's quarters. Buggy flies around, clanking the bottles on the table, holding up the glasses to the light to ensure they're properly clean, offering Mihawk an assortment of snacks and spilling peanuts all over the floor.

They drink together in silence. It really is a good vintage, a nice dry red. It takes a while before his focus to shifts from the wine to Buggy. They've already finished the first bottle, Mihawk wasted no time opening the second.

"You're more quiet than I assumed," Mihawk comments. Buggy has scarcely said a word after settling down.

"Because you're scary! Like really seriously scary. How could I just prattle on when you've got that dark look on your face," Buggy says.

"The wine is good," Mihawk says.

"Of course it's good, you think I would try to bribe you with something mediocre?" Buggy snaps.

"This is a bribe? Tell me, what did you envision getting in return?" Mihawk asks, looking at Buggy who squirms under his gaze like a pinned butterfly.

"Well– Um. Just for you to be nice to me and treat me nice and stop staring at me like that because it fucking creeps me out," Buggy says. He's flushed red, but looking Mihawk in the eye. "Obviously now I see that you're a nice tolerant guy who doesn't mean anything by it, but still please stop glaring at me."

"That would be hard. I really am interested in you, how could I not look?" Mihawk says, holding Buggy's gaze. Mihawk can see the appeal. Buggy is a funny little guy. But no matter how hard he looks, he can't find the quality that ensnared Shanks and made him close his heart to anyone else.

Buggy doesn't blink. He studies Mihawk intently, deep in thought.

"Is this a sex thing?" Buggy asks, voice slow and cautious, but sounding not altogether opposed to the prospect.

It wasn't. Mihawk honestly hadn't considered it, but he finds he's curious and maybe a little vengeful. To taste what Shanks couldn't have. Now that Buggy brings it up, it's easy to nod and pretend that had been his intentions all along.

"Sheesh... How stupid can you get? Next time try some sweet words if you want to seduce me," Buggy laughs. He punches Mihawk on the arm.

Mihawk blinks. Some sweet words? He considers this.

"...You're funny?" Mihawk tries. It's the truth.

"Yep, I'm seduced! You did it, great job. Take off your pants, let's go to bed!" Buggy says.

Buggy's eyes roam up and down Mihawk, lingering on his bare chest and the treasure trail cut off by his pants. Then he flies up, begins undressing.

"Wait," Mihawk says.

Buggy freezes on one leg, trying to pull off his striped pants. He hops around to face Mihawk, one big question mark on his face. Funny.

"I haven't finished the bottle," Mihawk says, taking another drink from his half-full glass.

"Drunkard," Buggy says. "Whatever. Drink up while I suck your dick, special Buggy service, but once I get tired, we're fucking no matter what."

"Very well," Mihawk says and very magnanimously puts down his wineglass to shuffle out of his pants and underwear, allowing Buggy access.

Buggy wastes exactly two seconds to take in the fact that Mihawk very much has a pussy and not a dick then drops to his knees and dives in, sucking happily on his clit. He inhales deeply, enjoying Mihawk's scent. He rubs his hand along Mihawk's inner thigh, scratching at the coarse dark hair. Mihawk feels his every touch, warm deep pleasure. Buggy is skilled.

Mihawk looks down, annoyed, when Buggy pulls away and leaves him twitching. His complaint dies when he sees Buggy's slick shiny lips, they pull him in.

"Wait, you said yes to fucking? Like in and out fucking?" Buggy says, making crude penetrative handgestures.

"Yes?" Mihawk says.

He needs Buggy back down there. Luckily Buggy is quick to catch on, he begins working Mihawk's clit with his thumb.

"Right so did you happen to bring your dick along?" Buggy says, sounding hopeful. His eyes dartaround the room like Mihawk has hidden a strap-on somewhere.

Mihawk shakes his head with regret. An oversight on his part.

"Figures... Um– in which case I can top? Or not? I'm good with whatever. Just wanted to check in," Buggy says.

Mihawk would be annoyed with his rambling if Buggy wasn't drawing lazy circles around Mihawk's clit, little jolts of pleasure.

"Would you like to fuck my ass, Buggy?" Mihawk asks.

"Uh-huh! Yes yep absolutely," Buggy says, nodding very very very enthusiastically and wasting no time getting back to eating out Mihawk.

Buggy sends one hand flying off. It riffles through a drawer, returns with a bottle of lube. He fumbles it open with one hand, the other very much occupied rubbing against Mihawk. It spills out with a schlorp, dripping on the floor. Buggy laughs. He is relaxed when having sex, unhurried. Confident with no bravado. All very appealing and familiar.

Buggy fingers him open expertly, keeps his tongue on Mihawks clit. His other hand plays in Mihawk's folds, thumbing his entrance. Mihawk twitches and jerks.

Buggy finds a delicious angle, just the right pressure on his clit. Mihawk's hand shakes. Wine spills on his belly, drips down. Buggy licks it up. Beautiful.

"Was that all the wine?" Buggy asks. Cheeky bastard.

"No," Mihawk says.

He holds down the glass to Buggy's lips. It overflows, wine spills down Buggy's face. Buggy swallows what Mihawk gives him, licks his lips.

"Delicious. A dry red, notes of plum, silky smooth," Buggy says, his voice a perfect imitation of a sommelier. "It pairs excellent with pussy."

Mihawk snorts. Buggy gives him a pleased smile.

Mihawk yanks him up. They need to fuck right now. He hasn't felt this hot in years. He tumbles to bed, Buggy lands on top of him. A warm heavy weight. Every point of contact is heaven. Buggy is quick to replace his fingers with his cock. Their lips crash together. He tastes like wine and like Mihawk.

Buggy fucks into him, delicious pressure. Mihawk snaps his hips up and grinds back. He sets a fast pace, hears Buggy groan. Mihawk wraps his legs around him, pulls him close.

Buggy keeps a hand squeezed between Mihawk's legs, teasing him, never settling in one location. Mihawk sends his own hand down there, rubs his clit the way he likes it. He is soaked. His fingers interlace with Buggy's. He's close. Has been close since Buggy got on his knees and serviced him so skillfully. Just a little more. Buggy catches his lip, bites down.

Mihawk cums. He jerks in pleasure, his head flies up. It impacts Buggy's jaw, his teeth clack shut. Buggy groans in pain and curses.

"I bwit my tong," Buggy says.

He holds his mouth open to show Mihawk. Blood drips from the cut. It runs down Buggy's chin. Mihawk laps it up.

"Pervert," Buggy laughs.

They keep fucking. Mihawk, sated, focuses all his attention on Buggy, licking and kissing and eating him up. Buggy makes the sweetest noise as Mihawk kneads his ass, slips a wet finger between his cheeks and teases his hole. Buggy drives harder into Mihawk, jerking and squirming, stimulated at both ends.

"Mm more," Buggy sighs, exhaling softly. He clings to Mihawk.

Mihawk bites into Buggy's shoulder. He pushes his finger deeper into Buggy, angles it just right. Buggy grabs Mihawk's face, kisses him again and again. He lies atop Mihawk, every part touching, still he tries to go deeper, to cling tighter. Buggy fucks Mihawk, tiny quick stutters. He pants, his eyes are hazy. He cums with the most blissfull expression on his face.

Buggy rolls off. Mihawk wraps an arm around him, keeps him close. They're sweaty and sticky. Mihawk buries his face in Buggy's air and thinks about next time. If Buggy came to Kuraigana, he could lay him out on red silk sheets, fuck him deep. They could drink the finest from Mihawk's stock.

"Ahh that was nice! Every disagreement should be settled like that," Buggy says. "You know we would probably have world peace if people just fucked it out more often."

Mihawk laughs.

"You remind me of him. Shanks," Mihawk says.

Buggy tenses in his arms. Was it wrong to mention him? Unlike Shanks, maybe Buggy doesn't obsessively hunt for scraps and rumors of his old shipmate. Maybe he has no idea of Mihawk and Shanks' connection.

"I remind you of Shanks?" Buggy says.

"You both like to laugh in bed," Mihawk says.

Buggy shuffles away, sits up. His back is to Mihawk. He runs a hand through his hair, untangling the knots. Mihawk watches him.

"Do you see Shanks often?" Buggy asks.

"No. It's been years," Mihawk answers.

It's quiet in the room save for Buggy's deep shaky breaths. Buggy looks over his shoulder, his eyes meet Mihawk's.

"Does he talk about me?" Buggy asks.

"Yes," Mihawk says.

"I see," Buggy says.

Buggy stands. He grabs the empty bottle of wine and slams it down on Mihawk. It cracks on his forehead. Glass flies everywhere.

Mihawk throws himself at Buggy, slamming them both to the floor. They grapple. Buggy elbows him in the face. Mihawk locks his legs around waist. His heart hammers. There's a wild look in Buggy's eyes. From nowhere he pulls a knife, stabs it into Mihawk's belly uselessly. He can't cut through the haki.

Mihawk twists. The back of Buggy's head slams against the floor, Mihawk is atop him. He reaches out his hand, wraps his fingers around Buggy's throat. His blood sings. He feels hot all over.

There's danger in Buggy's eyes. A barely contained thunderstorm. Mihawk wants him to unleash it. His nails digs into Mihawk's flesh, clawing at the hand around his throat. Mihawk doesn't let go.

"Get out," Buggy says. A strained whisper.

Maybe if Mihawk had been Shanks, he would know what to do, how to get all that he wants. Maybe if he had been Shanks, Buggy would have killed him or died trying.

"Get out," Buggy repeats.

"If that's what you want," Mihawk says.

Mihawk rises slowly, keeps an eye on Buggy as he dresses. He lingers in the door. Mihawk isn't done with Buggy, but nothing between them will ever be uncomplicated again.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed and hope the tonal shift in the end wasnt too jarring but buggy has issues about shanks ok the types of issues that make you smash a winebottle on someones head no matter how great the sex was.

sidenote i alway dream of smashing a movie prop bottle on someones head (are they made of sugar i feel like i read that once is it true??)

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